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THE NEW STENOG

By Helen A. Stafford

He was the King of his office and she was the Queen of her home. The Queen was made to understand this by the King. She was also made to comprehend that the position of a Queen was a minor station, existing only through the royal grace and magnanimity of the imperial consort, and that its authority in the home in no way compared with the regal sway of a King in his office. And it had been impressed on the mind of the Queen that in the affairs of his domain the sovereign would brook no shadow of a queenly control.

And it came to pass that the young man stenographer, whom the King employed, went his way. And of this the Queen was told naught until the fifth day. Even then it was not intended that the Queen should hear the details of the hiring of a new stenographer. But the King's partner, coming to dinner, was reminiscently loquacious.

"We advertised for a stenographer, and a thousand girls came in answer. I was for hiring one on the spot and getting rid of them, but the King here said: 'No, let's see a few more and get an ornament for the office.'"

The Queen heard the partner speak; yet, when she faced the King, she wore the expression of untried faith and child-like acceptance of his will that the ruler of the office most admired.

The Queen visited the office. Prepared as she was for the worst, she did not expect to see the vision of surpassing loveliness that rested in the tent of the King. At the stenographer's desk a beautiful young person looked with starry eyes at the office lord as he lingeringly dictated a letter. Still, the Queen appeared serene as she accompanied the King to lunch.

"I loaned the stenographer my lead pencil. She never returns anything," said the King, angrily, as he searched his pockets the next morning. A light gleamed on the Queen's face.

"Now, don't be cross with your stenographer about that lead pencil," she said softly. "Remember, when you employ a young girl you must put up with her flighty ways."

"I am not going to be cross with her," replied the King testily. "But she does annoy me, losing lead pencils, fountain pens and ink rubbers all the time."

"Very few men would employ a girl if she was so careless. But you are so chivalrous that I know you will be lenient with her heedlessness. Promise me you will not be cross with her," pleaded the Queen.

The Queen followed the King to the door the next morning. "Try not to be impatient with your stenographer today, Cyrus," she said gently.

"Who said I was impatient with her?" demanded the King.

"Why, no one," answered the Queen. "It is only that I do not want you to fall in courtesy to that girl."

"Well, I haven't said anything to her," contradicted the King, and he left the house in a fretful state of mind.

Every day the Queen asked the King to make allowance for his stenographer's failings. "This is Tuesday," she said one morning, "and on Tuesdays I want you to make it a point not to be hasty with that young woman."

"Ever since you asked me to be kind to my stenographer I seem to see all her faults," admitted the King. "I find I cannot depend on her for anything."

"For one day more try to endure," begged the Queen.

"I'll not stand it much longer," fumed the King, and went raging to the office.

"That stenographer can't spell. She can't spell the simplest words," declared the King that night.

"What was the word she could not spell?" questioned the Queen.

"Parallelogram," replied the King.

"Why didn't you spell it for her?" reproached the Queen.

"I did spell it," said the King. "That made the trouble. She spelled it one way and I spelled it another. When I got the dictionary we were both wrong. When she found that I was wrong that girl actually jeered. When I reproved her she jumped up and resigned. I am glad she is gone," continued the King with a note of relief in his voice. "I am tired of being kind and patient and chivalrous to her."

"I've heard of a middle-aged woman who wants a position as stenographer," ventured the Queen a few moments later. "She is plain and neat and has a splendid reference for capability. But I don't suppose you would want an elderly person around the office."

"I want a stenographer for whom I will not have to make allowance. Give me that woman's name and address," insisted the King.

"I think you are making a mistake," demurred the Queen. "Do not decide so hurriedly, but look about before you decide."

The King turned sternly to the Queen. "Do not interfere in the affairs of the office," he commanded.

Two nights later the King drew the Queen to the arm of his chair. "Mrs. Brown has taken charge and things are running smoothly downtown," he announced. He patted the Queen's little hands affectionately.

"Great idea of mine to have a mature woman for a stenographer, wasn't it?" he asked.

"Wasn't it?" agreed the Queen, submissively. And the Queen knew that this was true. For it had been impressed upon her mind that in his domain the King held regal sway and that he alone could pick an ornament for the office.—Town Topics.

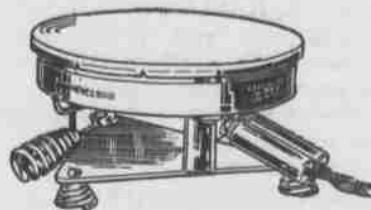
"Is dem you-all's chickens?" "Cohse dey's my-all's chickens. Who's chickens did you's s'pose dey was?" "I wasn' s'posin' nuffin' about 'em. But I jes' say dat it's mighty lucky dat a chicken won' come a-runnin' an' a-waggin' its tail when its regulah owner whistles, same as a dog."—Washington Star.

Fogarty—I'll bet ye th' Rooshians are beginnin' t' feel th' loss iv vodka. Flaherty—Don't ye lose any slape over it. Mar'rk me wur-ruds, they'll retake it agin before long!—Dallas News.

"Good gracious," exclaimed a vicar as he met a village laborer wearily pulling a loaded wheelbarrow, "it would be much easier if you pushed it." "Yus, but I'm sick o' the sight o' it."—Western Mail.

The Nervous Guest (asked to sit next to his hostess and opposite the goose)—Am I to sit so close to the goose? (suddenly feeling this may be misunderstood) er—I mean the roast one.—New York Sun.

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